N.° 8

Flagellum Muliebre

OR A

SATYR

ON

Lewd VVomen.

Fœminium ſervile genus, crudele, ſuperbum.
Mant. Eccl. 4.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1695.

SATYR

OF

Lewd VVomen.

Foemininum ferrile genus, crudele, superbum.
Num. Eccl. 4.

LONDON.

Printed in the Year 1695.

A

SATYR, &c.

YE Sacred Nymphs of *Lebetha* be by,
While you, *Polymnia*, prompt my Memory;
And all the reſt inſpire my weaker Tongue,
Leſt Woman ſhou'd complain, I do her wrong.

Woman! That Slave to her own Appetite,
That does in nothing Juſt, or Good delight:
In vain wou'd Man preſcribe *Laws* for the Fool,
Whoſe Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule:
Who never judges what is wrong or right,
But all ſhe does is pure Deſign or Spight.
Her Humour ſtill delights in the Extremes;
Colder than *Froſts*, or hotter than Sun Beams:
When ſhe ſhou'd run, ſhe's apteſt to ſit ſtill,
Ready to fly, to contradict your Will.

Her Temper ſo Extravagant we find,
She Hates, or is Impertinently kind.
Wou'd ſhe be grave, ſhe then looks like a Devil;
And like a Fool or Whore when ſhe'd be Civil:
And Fleers, and Laughs, and Flatters with you too,
As one of them with their poor Cullies do:
Can Smile, or Weep, be Fooliſh, or ſeem Wiſe,
Or any thing, ſo ſhe may Tyrannize.
What ſhe will now, anon ſhe will not do;
Had rather croſs her ſelf, than not croſs you.
She has a prattling vain, and double Tongue,
Inconſtant, Roving, and loves nothing long:
Imperious, Bloody, and ſo made up with Paſſion,
She is the very Firebrand of a Nation.
Contentious, Wicked, and not fit to truſt;
And Covetous, to ſpend it on her Luſt.
Her Paſſions are more fierce than Storms of Wind,
The heavy Yoak, and Burden of Mankind.
Where e're ſhe comes, ſhe Plagues with her dues bring,
Her Life's but one entire Goſſiping;
At which, with endleſs Talking, Drunk ſhe grows,
And round about her, Lyes and Slanders throws.
When ſhe is Young, ſhe Whores her ſelf for ſport,
And when ſhe's Old, ſhe Bawds for her Support.
And in her Bawding no exception makes,
But a good Price for her own Daughter takes:
When well inſtructed in her Mother's Tricks,
Make her but Miſtreſs of a Coach and Six;
Of the Demureſt Saint ſhe'll turn a B———
Deny you nothing to be Great and Rich:
Philters and Charms, the Devil himſelf employ,
Rather than not what ſhe deſires, enjoy.
She is a Snare, a Shambles, and a Stews,
Her Meat and Sauce ſhe does for Leatchery chooſe:

And does in Lazineſs delight the more,
Becauſe by that ſhe is provok'd to Whore.
Her Beauty and her Tongue ſerve both one end,
Firſt to enſnare, and then betray her Friend.
She may defer the Puniſhment ſhe gives,
But ne'er forget an Injury ſhe receives,
Ingrateful, Treacherous, inviouſly inclin'd,
Wild Beaſts are tam'd, Floods eaſier far confin'd,
Then is her Stubborn and Rebellious Mind.
Sh' Exclaims, Reproaches one Friend to another,
And ſpares not her own Father, or her Mother.
Delights in all the Miſchiefs ſhe can do,
Breaks all the Bonds of Love and Duty too.
Falſe to her Promiſes, and her beſt Friends,
Obliged by nothing but her own baſe ends.
Deludes, Defames you with her ſubtle Tricks,
Till ſomething on their Reputation ſticks;
Then thinks t'excuſe all (thank her for her Love)
With Whining, till ſhe their Compaſſion move.
Theſe are her Vertues, and her only Fears
Are, that ſhe ſhall not ſet you by the Ears,
Unto which purpoſe her falſe Tongue's imploy'd,
If Whiſp'ring will not do't, ſhe Talks aloud.
She ſpares no pains to ſpeak in their Diſpraiſe,
And will a Mole-hill to a Mountain raiſe:
Hide Miſchiefs where they are, find 'em where none,
And as time ſerves, alter her Looks and Tone.
Would'ſt thou on Quick-ſand for thy ſafety walk?
Converſe with Woman, and believe her Talk!
Wou'd'ſt thou a Serpent in thy Boſome bear?
Then hug the Sorc'reſs, entertain her there!
If all her Arts and Induſtry ſhou'd fail
To ruine thee, her Malice wou'd prevail:

If poſſible, thy Senſes ſhee'd ſurpriſe,
And ev'n Cuckold thee before thy Eyes.
And yet with Modeſty the Fact wou'd paint;
Has at her Beck the Devil and the Saint.
When't ſerves her turn, ſhe'll make things falſe ſeem true,
And Truths for Falſhoods will impoſe on you:
And by the Serpent taught, when *Adam* fell,
Has learnt to outdo the blackeſt Arts of Hell.
Theſe ſad Examples which I here produce,
Serve to confirm, they will no Crimes refuſe;
And that ſuch Deeds, as Cruelty wou'd ſhun,
Have by their hands, or for their ſakes been done.

Tempted by *Bracelets* which King *Tullius* wore,
(Beſides an Itching which ſhe had to Whore)
Tropeia, once the *Capitol* did ſell
To the Proud Fox, by whoſe own Sword ſhe fell;
And for her Treaſon was rewarded well.
Medea Hagg, by *Jaſon* when purſu'd,
In her own Childrens Blood, her Hands embrew'd;
As in her Father *Æta*'s ſight before,
Her Infant Brother ſhe in pieces tore.
Hellen that follow'd the Adulterer,
'Twixt *Greece* and *Troy* fomented laſting War:
For twice ſix Years the deadly Fewd had burn'd,
When Conquer'd *Troy* was into Aſhes turn'd.
Bibles who burn'd with an Unnat'ral Flame,
Was to a Fountain turn'd, which bears her Name.
The Myrrh-Tree too (as Story witneſs bears)
The Name of an Inceſtuous Daughter wears.
Semiramis, whoſe Hands in Blood were cloy'd,
With Murd'ring all the Men ſhe had enjoy'd;
To ſet thoſe petty Luxuries off the more,
For *Ninus* burn'd, who ſtabb'd the Inceſtious Whore.

The Cruel *Belides*, by Night, did ſlay
Th' Unhappy Bridegrooms in their Boſoms lay.
But here a Miracle I muſt declare,
The only Mercy of the Sex we hear,
One of the Fifty did her Husband ſpare.
The Poet *Orpheus* loſt his Learned Head,
By *Thracian* Strumpets baſely Murdered:
Such are their Mercies which we are to truſt,
So dang'rous is a Womans Hate and Luſt.
Paſaphaes beaſtly Lux'ry is no News,
Who did a Bull for her Bed-fellow chuſe:
And her Lewd Daughter *Phædra*'s as well known,
Which ſubt'ty one *Hyppolitus* was thrown,
Who ſince he wou'd not ſatisfie her Luſt,
She was reſolv'd her Cruelty, he muſt.
Rebecca did with Veniſon *Iſaac* Treat,
(Women ſeem kindeſt when they mean to Cheat)
And ſo the poor dim-ſighted Man deceiv'd,
And *Eſau* of the Bleſſing ſhe bereav'd.
Great *Hercules* ſo many Dangers run,
By his own Jealous Wife was overthrown.
Who to reſtrain from *Joel*'s Deſire,
With Poyſon ſet his wandring Blood on fire.
Hyppodame her Frthers Life did end,
By yielding to the Addreſſes of her Friend.
Lavinia too, that falſe Inconſtant Whore,
Who to King *Turnus* was engag'd before,
With the Bold *Trojan*, and his Love comply'd
And caus'd the War in which the former Dy'd.
Bryſeis Falſeneſs to *Acchilles* Love,
In Anger from the Camp the Captain drove;
Whoſe loſs the *Græcian* Army long had mourn'd,
When t' appeaſe *Patroclus* Ghoſt return'd.

Cryſeis Death into the Army brought,
More than the Foes, with which *Attrides* fought:
Who ſince by force from *Cryſe* he declaim'd,
Apollo's Plagues amongſt the Soldiers reign'd.
Our Mother *Eve*, to pleaſe her Liquoriſh Taſte,
Did out of *Paradice* Old *Adam* caſt;
And they'll all help to Damn us to the laſt.
Shepherds, I do conjure you by my Love,
And by the Rural Gods of every Grove,
As you deſire your Tender Flocks ſhould thrive,
Or you your ſelves, in Peace and Safety live,
That theſe looſe Cattle from your Herds you drive.
Theyſtylis, *Phillis*, and Inconſtant *Chloris*,
Neæra, *Gallatea and Lycoris*;
Let 'em live like the unregarded Throng
No more the Subject of your Verſe, or Song;
On whoſe Injuſtice you in vain exclaim'd;
No Woman yet had Grace to be reclaim'd.
Eurydice and *Proſerpine* from Hell,
Might have return'd, but lik't the place too well.
Of all the Sex, pray inſtance me but one
Ere came from thence as many Men have done;
Pious *Eneas*, *Orpheus*, *Theſeus*, others,
Alcides, the two half Immortal Brothers.
Let Nobler Thoughts the Soul of Man poſſeſs,
While Woman's chief delight is wickedneſs.
As an Experienc't Pilot I adviſe,
(By danger taught where Rock or Quick-ſand lies)
Which way to ſteer, and which way you muſt run,
That in your Courſe you may like hazzards ſhun.
I now grown Old, by long Experience Wiſe,
Can ſet things paſt to come before your Eyes,
And from their Cheats can pluck off the Diſguiſe.

If leſſer Birds the Eagles Tallons ſhun;
If Stags, thoſe Gynns, by which they are undone,
If Sheep, their Enemy, the Wolf avoid,
And Deer thoſe Hounds by whom they are deſtroy'd
Sheperds! Why do you not with Horrour fly
From Woman, your more Mortal Enemy!
In her the Crocadile you may diſcern,
Of her the Hyena ſubtilty you may learn.
When ſhe entreats you gently with your Eyes,
And to make ſurer of you, Fawns and Crys,
Under thoſe Looks, there's ſome great Treachery lies.
With theſe Decoys, deluded Man ſhe takes,
and to her Boundleſs Will a Vaſſal makes.
No Reſolution, Vertue, Strength or Pow'r,
Truſt to ſecure thee from a dangerous Whore:
Altho' in *Perſeus* Armour thou wer't clad,
Shoud'ſt thou come near her, I ſhou'd think thee Mad,
She has more Charms than ere *Meduſa* had.
And dangles on her Breaſt no Lock of Hair,
But what's more fatal than thoſe Serpents were.
Some have kill'd Monſters, many Gyants ſlain,
Some Cities Sack'd, and ſome beſtrid the Main,
And pointed Hills have levell'd with the Plain.
Some with great Armies plung'd into the Flood,
And for great Victories have in Triumph rode,
Yet all theſe Heroes have, as Stories tell,
To Womens Pride and Luſt a Trophy fell.
David the King, while yet a Boy, renown'd,
And with the Spoil of Bear and Lyon crown'd,
Whoſe Fame beſide, did through all *Iſrael* ring,
With the Atchievements gotten by his Sling:
And *Solomon* his Son, in after Days,
Who did the Beautious *Zion*'s Temple raiſe;
And mighty *Sampſon*, who ſuch Fame had won,
Were all by theſe Baſe Proſtitutes undone.

A Womans Luſt is harder far ſubdu'd
Than ſtubborn Fires, with boiſt'rous Winds made rude.
The Sword, the Plague, the Rocks and Angry Seas,
Are to our Lives more merciful than theſe,
For they, whoſe Looks by Nature kill before,
With Art do ſtrive to make them kill the more.
Their Heads are ſhaded, not a hair awry,
And tempting Curles upon their Forehead lie,
Whilſt gliſtring Jewels, ſet in Gold, do Grace,
And give a luſtre to their painted Face.
As brighter Beams upon ſome River play,
And guild its ſurface on a Sunſhine Day;
When, in this order, this exactneſs dreſt,
They then conſult what Look becomes 'em beſt,
And round about their Dreſſing-Room they ſtalk,
To ſee what Gate becomes 'em, as they walk:
If they are courted, they to Corners fly,
As if they were made up of Modeſty;
But 'tis to give you Opportunity.
Where they ſtill hope, altho' they bid you go,
You have more Manners than to leave them ſo:
And with Inviting, and Laſcivious Eyes,
They grant you faſter than their Tongue denies,
Thus North-weſt Winds, as Nat'raliſts rehearſe,
Attract thoſe Clouds which they again diſperſe.
So have I often ſeen ſuch Flattering Weather,
When Rain and Sun-ſhine both contend together.
Let me adviſe, I ſay, b' Experience taught,
How to preſerve thee, ere thou yet art caught.
They Conquer both by Kindneſs and Diſdain,
Know to leſſen, how t' encreaſe the Pain;
As ſubtle Surgeons with their Patients deal,
Now apply Coſticks, and now Balm to heal.

Studdy to make themſelves tho' foul, look fair;
In Bed or up, 'tis their continual care.
See 'em undreſt, the Spectacles will fright,
and Poyſons you, like Baſilisks, at ſight:
Pomatums, Waſhes, Paint, Perfume they uſe,
And never think they can be too profuſe.
Falſe Skins, falſe Shapes, falſe colour'd Locks they wear,
Falſe Smiles and Looks, more falſe than are their Hair.
Thus they like Actors till the Play is done,
Have nothing on that they can call their own.
Conſult their Glaſſes how to move their Lips,
To thruſt their Breech out, and to ſhake their Hips;
Then look again, and turn their Eyes aſide,
Practice to Fawn, to laugh and to deride.
What means their naked Breaſts, that open way,
For wand'ring thoughts to enter at, and ſtray,
But to enflame our Hearts into deſire,
And kindle in our Bloods a Wanton Fire?
Theſe are the dangers which all Youth do run;
Theſe are the Rocks and Gulphs, I'd have them ſhun:
Theſe are thoſe Harpies, which in former time,
King *Phineas* plagu'd for his Unnat'ral Crime,
Defil'd his Palace, and devour'd the Meat,
Which was provided for himſelf to eat.
Theſe are thoſe Monſters of which you have read,
Which did thro' all that Spacious Country ſpread,
And on the Rapines of poor Men were fed.
Theſe are the *Gorgan* Heads (or there are none)
Which with their Looks transform'd Men into Stone;
Which *Perſeus* once, to *Libia*'s great Joy,
With *Pallas* Helmet cover'd, did deſtroy.

Thus much we do in Learned *Umber* find,
What, in his Days, he thought of Womankind:
I fear in ours the Parallel comes ſhort;
Good-natur'd Creatures, we may thank 'em for't.
I now begin to think I have been long,
And that the Sex infected has my Tongue:
If ſo, on Woman too you muſt Exclaim;
And not the Story, but the Subject blame:
A Subject, which we find ſo very ill,
When w'have ſaid all we can, 'tis boundleſs ſtill.

FIN

T
J
F596
695

YALE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Fund plain MAY 17 1950

Collation

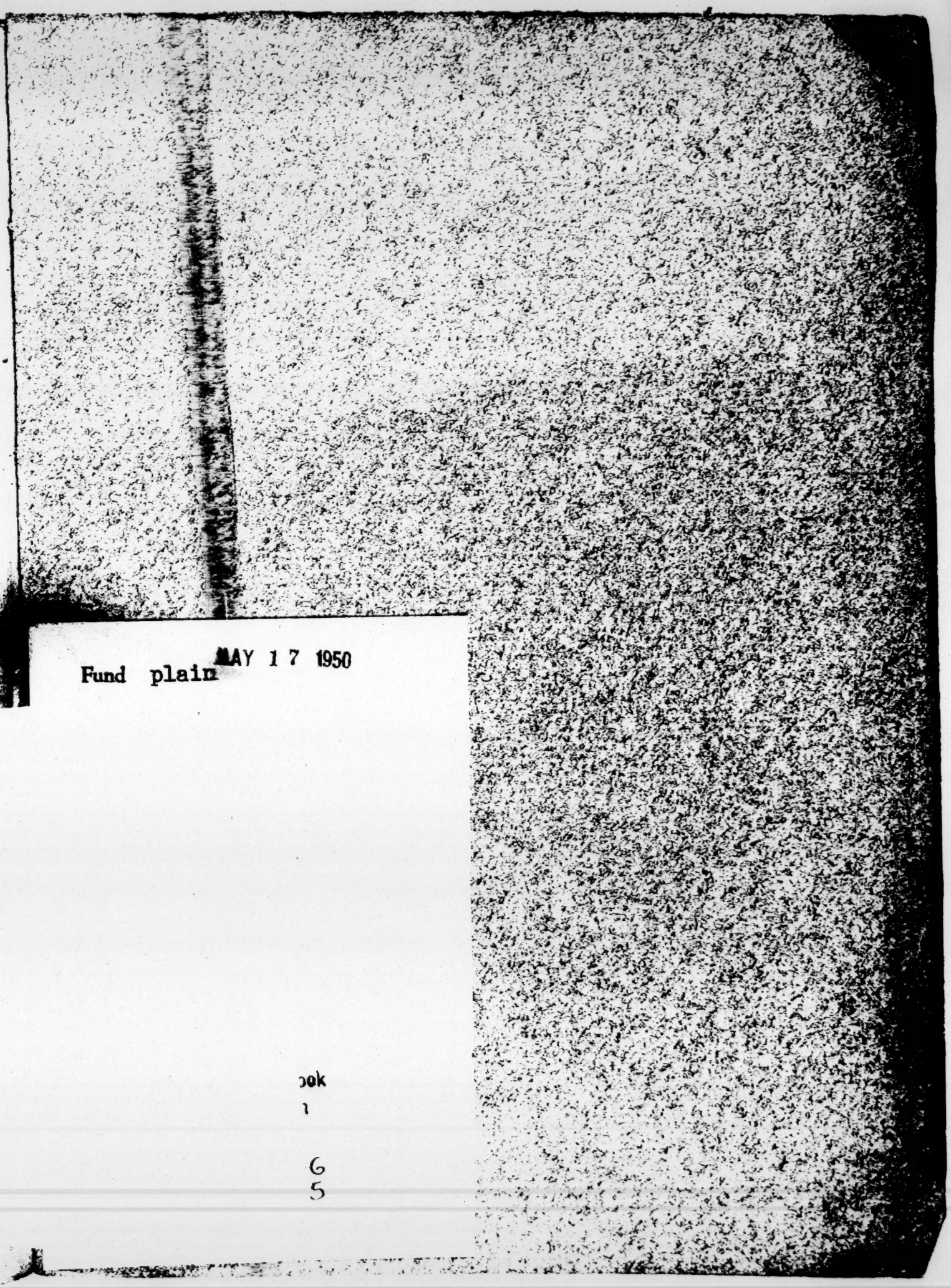
A-C^2

Title
Author

Rare Book
Room
Call no. Ij
F596
695

Thus much we do in Learned *Umber* find,
What, in his Days, he thought of Womankind:
I fear in ours the Parallel comes ſhort;
Good-natur'd Creatures, we may thank 'em for't.
I now begin to think I have been long,
And that the Sex infected has my Tongue:
If ſo, on Woman too you muſt Exclaim;
And not the Story, but the Subject blame:
A Subject, which we find ſo very ill,
When w'have ſaid all we can, 'tis boundleſs ſtill.

FINIS.



MAY 17 1950

Fund plain

ook

1

6
5